

CUPID AUTO IS FRANCE'S LATEST

HIGH-POWER MACHINE TO SPEED ELOPERS FROM THEIR ANGRY PARENTS.

WOMAN RUNS UNIQUE BUREAU

So Many Runaway Matches in Paris That Special Cars Have Been Fitted to Hasten Lovers to Conjugal Happiness.

Paris.—There has been a regular epidemic of mysterious elopements in Paris during the past six months. Every guard which stern parents have put about their infatuated daughters has been broken down, and pit! In a twinkling loving couples have been whisked away to conjugal happiness—carried off apparently on the wings of Cupid.

Indeed, Cupid has played a most practical and effective part in these runaway marriages, but it is a Cupid of rubber tires, shining wheels and powerful motor power; it's a Cupid with the speed of Mercury—in short, it is the latest make of racing automobile.

For a long while all that could be wrested from runaway couples was the statement that they had been married in the "Cupid's Car." What the Cupid Car was or where it was to be found they declined to reveal to any but those whose hearts were torn by "the cruelty of opposing parents."

Somehow the secret leaked out, as even the deepest mysteries will in time, and lo! there is in Paris a perfectly equipped elopement bureau with a polished and charming Parisienne in charge—a regular fairy godmother she is to the elopers—and her splendid garage is a much sought port in the rough ocean of true love.

This elegant garage is a regular Jekyll and Hyde establishment, for, besides providing means of escape, it also supplies enraged parents with high speed cars in which to follow.

Miss Bob Walters is known in Paris as the owner of one of the finest garages in the French capital and many races have been won in her machines.

Sometimes she receives word weeks ahead that her Cupid will be desired on such and such a date, then the matter of wardrobe, route, etc., can all be attended to with leisure, but more frequently the couples run into her garage, breathless and incoherently paid for speedy first aid. Then all mademoiselle's ingenuity is roused and she soothes, assures and plans as she gives orders and bustles about sitting out the bride with fiery which hasty flight has obliged her to leave

behind. She has the route laid out, the honeymoon planned, a telegram sent to the mayor or parson, rooms at a distant hotel secured, a substantial lunch packed, Cupid run out, Jacques, the chauffeur, equipped, a dainty maid to act as necessary witness instructed, all four packed into the double-seated auto with the luggage in the tonneau and honk, honk and another elopement is on.

After about an hour's respite mademoiselle's services are again called for Monsieur, very red of face, very damp of brow and very fierce of temper, dashes into the garage so innocently famous for its speedy motor carriages, and excitedly implores Mlle. to bring out her best car and put her cleverest chauffeur at the wheel.

She may not willfully lead him astray as to the road to take, indeed,



Honk, Honk, and Another Elopement Is On.

she earnestly asserts that she often helps a little—not enough to cause trouble—in this direction. And who can blame her if Cupid is many horse power superior to any other auto in her garage, or if the lovers got a full two hours' start of "papa"? Surely not the eloping couple, and so her business grows, Cupid is constantly changing his color and his number, even his trimmings are renewed about once a fortnight, so that although Mlle. Bob's garage is famous throughout Paris among sportsmen, and has a fame of a different order among a number of happily married young people, as yet the Cupid has not been "spotted." To have the car become familiar would be to materially injure the value of this strange elopement bureau.

DOG SAVES GIRL IN TRUE ALPINE FASHION

YOUNG WOMAN, LOST THREE DAYS, RESCUED FROM MOUNTAIN SNOW.

Seattle, Wash.—Caught in a snowslide and held captive for 46 hours, and at last discovered, Alpine fashion, by a great St. Bernard dog, Miss Lillian Birchard, recently of Davenport, Ia., but now residing with her parents at Tacoma, Wash., is recovered.



Miss Birchard Was Hurlled from the Sight of Her Companions.

ering from the effects of the exposure she underwent.

With a party of friends and tourists, the young woman was attempting to climb to the summit of Mount Rainier, near this city. When at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet and within a mile of the top, a dense cloud obscured everything and a furious snowstorm set in. Snow fell to a depth of three feet.

In the excitement of seeking a temporary shelter, Miss Birchard stepped upon treacherous ice and was hurled from the sight of her companions. Her cries were drowned by the roar of the wind. The men tied ropes to a bare stump, and, leaving the women huddled together for warmth, attempted to discover the whereabouts of the girl.

They returned at nightfall, having seen no trace of Miss Birchard. A

temporary protection from the storm was built and a sleepless night passed. The next day the storm had subsided.

With experienced guides the search was kept up all day without success. The third day Fred Thomas, of Tacoma, was sent for, and with his big St. Bernard dog the party returned to the scene of the slide.

Within 300 yards of the temporary camp the missing girl was found. A great angle of evergreens fully protected her from the ice and snow and kept off the fierce wind. Though suffering from frozen ears, fingers and toes, Miss Birchard was otherwise uninjured. She was nearly famished from her long fast. It is the third rescue by the same dog.

FIGHTS FEROCIOUS OTTER.

Game Amphibian Drags Man's Row Boat Across River.

London.—A fight between a man and an otter took place on the River Eden at Kirkby Stephen, in Westmorland. The story of this remarkable incident was related by Tom Barker, who eventually killed the animal.

Otters have infested the river at Kirkby Stephen for some days past, and unsuccessful attempts have been made to unearth them by means of dogs. Mr. Barker set a rat trap on the brink of the river and secured it to a tree by a chain.

On going to the place in a boat he found a fine dog otter fast by two claws in the trap. The otter snapped viciously at him, and caught hold of the gunwale of the boat in the attempt to reach him. Repeated blows on the head, however, disabled it, and it sank out of sight and out of reach in the water.

Mr. Barker then loosed the chain from the tree, and the otter, thus partly liberated, actually pulled the boat from one side of the stream to the other in its frantic attempt to escape. Hauling the otter to the surface of the water, Mr. Barker endeavored to dispatch it with his stick, but the otter seized and almost bit the stick through, and gnawed the edge of the boat, trying to reach its opponent.

The man then drove the animal beneath the surface and, fastening the chain to the boat, pulled up and down the river until the otter was drowned. It was found to measure 46 inches from snout to tip of the tail, and to weigh 18 pounds.

The Real Thing.
"Miss Mercedes Panhard has a very mobile countenance, hasn't she?"
"Yes; she's got the real auto face."
—Baltimore American.

Miss Marie Peary



Daughter of the famous arctic explorer, Commadore Peary; she was born in the Arctic zone.

FAVORS GRADED FEES

GEORGIA SENATOR'S SCHEME TO INDUCE EARLY MARRIAGES.

Plan Provides for Free Wedding License Under 21—Over 50 Cost \$50—Flood of Praise and Protest Brought On.

Atlanta, Ga.—Senator J. W. Taylor, 65 years of age, and a widower, has brought upon himself a flood of commingled protestations and commendations through his advocacy of a graduated scale of marriage license fees.

Senator Taylor is a southerner of the old school. He is the highest Mason in the state, is wealthy, has been in politics for years, and is immensely popular with the ladies. He is a man of striking appearance, a magnificent figure, and as vigorous as a man of 40 years.

His prominence in the news columns of every leading paper in the country was really the result of a humorous interview. The senate was considering a bill making uniform the marriage license fees of the state. It was not Senator Taylor's bill, but the legislative body was having a lot of fun out of it.

Following the senate debate, Senator Taylor gave an interview in which he proposed a graded scale of marriage license fees. If a man marries at 21 or before, he is to pay no fee; between 21 and 25, a fee of \$1.50; between 25 and 40, a fee of \$2.50; from 40 to 50 a fee of \$10; from 50 to 60, a fee of \$50. When a man gets past 60 he is barred from marital joys.

"I said that 'in fun,'" declared Senator Taylor, "but I don't know but that I will really advocate a law of that kind. Why shouldn't there be an act to compel a man to early enter marital relations? I am inclined to be a Roosevelt man in one particular way. I am dead against race suicide.

There is a strong modern tendency among young men to dodge the married relationship. It is an unfortunate tendency, and I do not know but that I would be performing posterity a great service in offering inducements to early marriages.

"In my boyhood it was a badge of honor for a man to marry as soon as he reached his majority, and many married before that time. Young men did not fear to face the responsibility of a family as these anemic young fellows do these days. Marriage and the parentage of progeny is a sacred duty of humanity, and any man who does his best to further that cause is right.

"I want to propose an amendment to any such bill," said Senator Taylor half whimsically. "I want to exempt widowers from any provisions of my law. Widowers are different. They have braved the plunge once, and if a man is daring enough to try it a second, third or fourth time, he ought to have a clear track. Why, look at this letter from a Philadelphia widower. He says he is bereft of a better half through no desire or connivance of his own. He was left with a backyard full of small children, and thought he ought to have a good woman to look after them. I believe that any man who can persuade a woman to accept a large and lusty ready-made family ought to have the undisputed right, and have a license handed him on a gold platter. If I could, I would vote the woman a Carnegie medal.

"My highest object, however, is to force a few benighted bachelors in the Georgia senate to bow to the marital yoke. It is shocking to my mind how openly and shamelessly some flaunt their untrammelled freedom here in the highest legislative body of the Empire State of the south. I am rather inclined to the idea that I will introduce a kindred bill, making it a felony for a bachelor to offer for public office in this state."

Senator Taylor has been mentioned as possible gubernatorial timber when the term of Gov. Hoke Smith expires.

REVIVAL OF PIG STICKING.

"Pine Toppers" in Training for Sport at a North Carolina Fair.

Greensboro, N. C.—A new industry has been brought into this section, one that promises to produce a very lively degree of interest and which may succeed in revolutionizing a time honored sport that is yet dear to those who frequent the fair grounds when the open season is on. In fact, the ancient sport of pig sticking may be revived if J. F. Jordan has his way about it. He is successful in breeding a type of boars that are indigenous to the soil near Manchester, where he has a game preserve well stocked with different varieties of winged and four-footed things at which to shoot or spear.

These quadrupeds of the genus porcine are locally known as "pine toppers," but even Mr. Jordan's acquaintance with verbiage because he was formerly sheriff of this county does not enable him to tell how these frisky, long tusked boars have acquired their name. The suggestion was made, however, by Garland Daniel, secretary of the Central Carolina Fair association, that the name is based on the fact that these animals can outpace and outrun any other specimens of their kind on the footstool and are so difficult of capture that not even the fleetest footed negro can

catch one, though given a big start by the boar.

Mr. Jordan has two of these racers in training. Each one is to be let loose on the fair grounds on a certain day, and the negro that captures his particular pig will be allowed to take it home for family consideration and indigestion. One of these racers has a record of jumping 27 feet on the level, and it is said to be Mr. Jordan's hope if not his full intention so to train this speedy and active runner and broad jumper that its record shall be brought to 35 feet. Anyway, the spectacle of a hundred or more black chasers after a pig that has been greased by the hand of nature promises to be one of those sights at the fair that are alone worth the price of admission.

Britain, Too, Has War Airship.

Aldershot.—At least one military secret has been well kept in England. It is now learned for the first time that for the past two years the construction of a military airship has been in progress here, and it is probable that within the next month Aldershot will see the first of the British aerial fleet floating over the parade grounds. It is believed that the new airship will approximate the type of La Patrie, the French military balloon. It will be named for King Edward, who recently inspected it.

DEBUT OF MISS ETHEL

WILL TAKE PLACE IN WHITE HOUSE THIS WINTER.

Coming Out of President's Daughter in Washington Society Will Be Brilliant Affair—Is Only 17 Years of Age.

Washington.—Washington's next social season will be rendered more than usually brilliant by the debut of the president's second daughter, Ethel Roosevelt.

She is still a child, a schoolgirl, this second daughter of the president of the United States, and in the ordinary course of events it would be a year, perhaps two years more, before she would be allowed to take a place in the charmed circle of polite Washington life.

But it is the desire of Mrs. Roosevelt to give Ethel the same prestige that went to Miss Alice, that of "coming out" to society within the walls of the historic executive mansion.

The date selected for the debut of the new daughter of the White House is said to be early in January. She will remain in school till the midwinter examination, and then after leaving school for the Christmas vacation, will stay in Washington for the remainder of the season, to follow to a considerable extent the experiences of her sister Alice, now Mrs. Congressman Longworth.

Ethel is the only daughter of the president by his second wife, Miss Alice, it will be recalled, was the only child of the president by his first wife, Miss Lee, who lived only a few years after the marriage.

The second Mrs. Roosevelt made no distinction between this one child of a previous marriage and her own brood. All were treated alike, and the affection between the president's wife and his oldest child are genuine and sincere.

In bringing out Miss Alice Roosevelt she had a genuine pleasure, and she revealed in all the experiences of the daughter culminating in the remarkable wedding that made her for a time the most talked of young woman in the land.

It is only natural that she should wish to secure some of the same triumphs for her own daughter, hence the hurrying along of the time for her debut.

First will probably come a ball, to be held according to custom in the east room, which is the scene of all the big and elaborate functions. With Mrs. Roosevelt receiving, Miss Ethel will be formally introduced to the members of the diplomatic corps and their ladies, cabinet members, justices and members of congress who take part in social life. Most of these she already knows, but the presenta-

tion is a very important part of a young girl's career in the polite life of Washington.

This done, Miss Ethel will at once find herself in a position of commanding importance. She will take the leadership of the younger set, a place vacated when Miss Alice became a matron. Many of the young women who were the companions of Miss Alice have married, some have retired from Washington, for politics make frequent changes in the life of the capital, and many a girl who shines for one or two seasons is suddenly whisked away when a district decides it wants some new member or a president seeks to make changes in his cabinet.

Other girl friends of Miss Roosevelt are still in Washington, and though



Ethel is younger, they must cheerfully accept her away.

The public appearances of Miss Ethel have been rare. She was at the wedding of her sister, of course, and is occasionally seen at the theater with her parents, but Miss Hagner and Mrs. Roosevelt have steadily favored keeping her away from public functions until the debut.

One of the few big affairs she has attended was the West Point-Annapolis football game last winter.

Miss Ethel is bright and accomplished, lacking perhaps a little of her sister's brilliancy; she is nevertheless a worthy daughter of a father who is a man of letter and a mother who has gained a reputation at the White House matched by few of the many talented hostesses who have preceded her.

Americans have cause to be proud of Miss Alice and were. All who know Miss Ethel say that she will be equally a credit to the nation.

GIRL INHERITS \$12,500,000.

Gladys Vanderbilt Comes Into Fortune on Twenty-First Birthday.

New York.—August 25 was Gladys Vanderbilt's twenty-first birthday, when, according to the will of her father,



MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT. (Girl Who Has Just Come Into a Fortune of \$12,500,000.)

ther, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, she came into absolute possession of the estate left in trust for her, which amounted to the neat little sum of \$12,500,000.

Miss Gladys is the youngest of the five direct heirs to the vast fortune amassed by the third head of the house of Vanderbilt. She and her mother have been cruising in European waters, taking the waters in the south of France and hunting the curio shops of Paris for rare old bronzes, of which they have secured quite a number, for the spacious halls of the Breakers, their Newport home.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has cabled to have the Breakers opened. She and Gladys are coming over for the late season, and, incidentally, for business reasons—the redistribution of the Vanderbilt millions, which, according to that document of fatherly love and wrath, the Vanderbilt will, was to be finally adjusted when Gladys came of legal age.

Clerks and accountants were busy for many months making preparations for this settlement of the stupendous fortune. Alfred, Reginald and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney all received surplus accumulations from legacies to beneficiaries to date unpaid. The will stated over and over again that certain moneys go to "my children, Alfred Gertrude, Reginald and Gladys," as if no Cornelius had ever existed.

Thus is the penalty that Cornelius Jr., paid for marrying Miss Wilson again brought to public notice.

HAVE HOUSE IN A TREE.

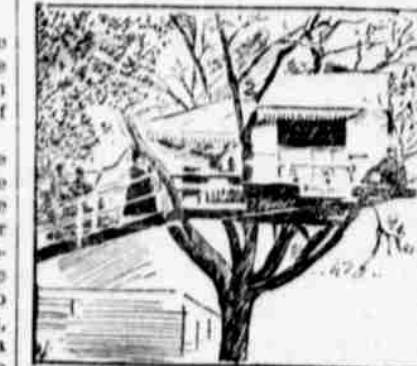
Mr. and Mrs. Felton, of Orange, Mass., Live in Willow Castle.

Boston.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Felton, of Orange, Mass., now live in a tree. Both are firm believers in fresh air as a curative and preventive of most bodily ills, and when Mr. Felton, who had strung his hammock up in a big strong willow tree near their home, saw the wide spreading branches would permit of the construction of a small house in the tree he immediately set to work, and in his spare time built a model little bungalow of three rooms.

The structure is about 30 feet above the ground and is reached by a 90-foot gangplank. Mr. and Mrs. Felton live there now all the time and have closed their large home, which adjoins.

In the tree house there is a kitchen, a sitting room and a bedroom. The roof and walls are of duck, and the Feltons declare their tree home to be the coolest spot in town, day or night.

The sight has drawn hundreds to the spot, and in a registry book which she keeps Mrs. Felton has the names of more than a thousand persons, who,



Tree House of the Feltons.

according to their addresses, have come from all parts of the state and many from beyond it.

The tree in which the house is built was given to Mrs. Felton by her father, Abner Goddard, 23 years ago. It was then a straight shoot eight feet tall without a branch or a leaf on it, but it has grown to be a sturdy willow, and now, as Mrs. Felton says, "supports their home," which is called Willow Castle.

Don't Mention It.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"What is a non-deplume?"
"Why, it's a man's pen name, my boy!"
"Well, pop, that's not the name you call your fountain pen when it won't work!"